

THE FLOWERS

THE FLOWERS
THE FLOWERS
THE FLOWERS



THE FLOWERS
THE FLOWERS
THE FLOWERS

THE FLOWERS
THE FLOWERS
THE FLOWERS

15.44 - 15.50

THE
SPECIAL
BOOK OF
THE
SPECIAL

THE
SPECIAL
BOOK OF
THE
SPECIAL

THE
SPECIAL
BOOK OF
THE
SPECIAL

Twenty-One Nights Rose - Geminata Flower - Chapter 00

Table of Contents

1. [Prologue](#)

Prologue

Twenty-One Nights Rose : Geminat Flower-Prologue

14 Mar

Yukii 【ゆきい】: Whoooot! Today, *Twenty-One Nights : Geminat Rose* will officially ‘debut’ on Polyphonic Story! If you’re into victorian eras/lolita fashion, mystery, romance, bets/gambles of life or to cut it short: *Pandora Hearts*, *Gosick*, *Rozen Maiden*, *Kuroshitsuji* and any other anime/manga among those lines then this story is the one for you!



Twenty-one Nights : Geminat Rose

Author: Xiao Ni Zi

Translator: Raine

Two years ago, a young girl by the name of Tang Guo formed an agreement with a spirit summoner to serve her own ends. Her non-biological younger sister, Tang Shuang was used to exchange identities with the spirit summoner, resulting in Tang Shuang developing a terminal illness.

Two years later, in order to redeem her past wrongdoings and to save Tang Shuang’s life, Tang Guo finds a mysterious teenager by the name of Zi Xing Cang Yue, and with his help, they both enter a strange world personally created by a spirit summoner, a puppet master and its puppet.

But it was only then that she had realized that the puppet had instead, already

entered the world of her and her sister's.

As the mysterious secrets buried in her memory begin to unravel one by one, what will become of this lost young girl as she faces a choice between love and family?

I really want to be like that porcelain doll, I really do!

Then, would you be interested in making a gamble with me?

A gamble?

Yes, a gamble. Let's gamble.

What kind of gamble?

A gamble that you indeed, can become like that porcelain doll.

Alright, I'll lay a wager.

Beginning : The Field of Flowers

"It's not like that..."

Flower petals.

"The ending...isn't like that..."

An endless mass of petals.

"The ending of this game..."

Blood red petals.

In the wake of that person's voice, the young girl gradually opened her eyes, their rose colored hues reflecting the vast mass of scattered petals. Those blood-red petals gently fluttered in the scorching hot air, as if they were countless burning red butterflies.

Tenderly, she reached out her hand. A single blood-red petal slowly spiraled down, gently landing in the centre of her ice-cold and pale palm. A golden speck danced around the edges of that tenderly red petal. Then in a flash, blackness overcame it.

The young girl gazed dazedly at the petal which was now burning rapidly, blackening, disintegrating into fine ashes before finally, being swept away by the

silent wind.

A pair of ice cold hands suddenly reached towards her, warmly holding onto her wan fingers. A sweet-smiling man embraced her from behind, and just as usual, his lips curled as he spoke, “The ending of the game shouldn’t be like this, right?”

That gentle smile on the edge of his lips was like a piece of poisoned candy; a sweet appearance on its surface, but concealing perils that would quicken a heart with fear.

“The end?” She couldn’t help but quietly repeat his words. Shyly raising her head, she looked into the abyss-like madness beneath the man’s smile. Not knowing why, she felt heartbroken — the pain causing her tears to meaninglessly fall; those crystal clear tear drops rolling down her cheeks, ever so burning hot.

“I...”

She wanted to say more, yet the bizarre flames which had appeared in the sky caused her body to suddenly shudder. She anxiously raised her head and gazed into the distance; on the other end of the horizon, a bright red ray of light pierced through the layers of clouds. The sky looked as if it was set alight, radiating luminous flames. The air was permeated with the fragrance of burning roses and a thick charring scent. At the ends of her eye’s vision, a vast field of flowers was burning, the red flames distorting the limpid sky. Fog and heat were floating like clouds, saturating the air. When the wind swept past that flower field, it carried with it the countless scattered and burning red petals.

A faint sound echoed from the distance, like the sound of holy bells on Sunday churches, but also reminiscent of the desolate squawks of crows during sunset, as if grieving over the petals that had been transformed into ashes by the flames.

The air seemingly grew hotter during the span of time. The whistling hot breeze circled the air for a moment, the countless mess of petals danced frantically amidst the disharmonious wind, then burned rapidly in front of her eyes, until they became ashes.

The young girl’s face abruptly grew pale. She gazed incredulously into the direction of the smiling man, her quivering lips forming words.

“No...”

The man’s ceramic-like pupils were gradually glazed with the bright reddish hue of the scorching flames, his fingers gently pressed against her rose-colored lips. His fingers were ever so soft..... and ever so ice cold.

“Shhh...” He gazed at the young girl, gently smiling, “That’s what you thought as well, right? That this story shouldn’t end like this...”

Suddenly, in the midst of the pink blaze, the distant but hoarse sound of a clock tower broke through the hot air, ringing loudly beside the young girl’s ears.

Dong—

The first chime struck.

The dancing red petals suddenly ceased midair. It was as if countless dark red butterflies were frozen in time, their wings still ignited with sparks.

Emptiness.

Dong—

The second chime struck.

The sparks began to spread, becoming golden blazes growing delicately from those flamboyantly colored petals. The alight petals gently waltzed in the pitch black air; floating and falling, as if they were the most perfect song of countless burning butterflies, dancing the most beautiful elegance of Nirvana.

Dong—

The third chime struck.

Her dress floated softly in the wind, gradually transforming into a mass of red petals. The man embraced her tightly. His inclined but handsome face was as if carved with the world’s best marble, yet under the reflection of the red flame, revealed eyes which possessed the darkest sorrows beneath a smile as charming and delicate as red poppies.

Dong—

The fourth chime struck.

The warm breeze which was red from the blaze and petals began to surround

the two, circling faster and faster, until becoming a bright dazzling halo.

Gradually, everything in the world—colour, shape, temperature, scent, seemed to be dissolved by the blazing flames, transforming into a viscous liquid, windingly flowing towards a golden vortex.

“No...”

The young girl finally realized what that man was doing. Translucent drops of tears rolled from her suddenly widened eyes.

Dong—

The fifth chime struck.

The man’s ice-cold hands held her pale face, as if they were the world’s most precious treasure. The tear drop landed between his slender white fingers, seemingly a speck of blood-red jewel under the flickering blaze.

“You can’t...” Her anxious voice gradually grew faint. She wanted to grab onto that man, but just as she was about to raise her hands, her own body began to transform into a mass of soft, dark red petals amidst the intensifying wind.

Dong—

The sixth chime struck.

The whistling of the wind grew louder; the red light and scorching hot waves of air seemed to inundate everything of the entire world.

He looked at her, still smiling, even as his lips seemed to remain still, “So...let us start over again, together.”

The man’s pleasant voice was ringing outside the young girls’ ears.

As if it was a heart-breaking promise which would last forever.

The seventh chime struck.

Dong—

The clock tower of a church suddenly sounded, echoing from its highest eaves, and startling a dark, cawing mass of crows as they flocked the skies.

That man’s eyes were the deepest abyss in the whole world.

Blankly staring at the youth standing beneath the church altar, this strange phrase suddenly floated through my head.

The golden rays of the sunset passed through the church's stained glass windows, illuminating the small area just in front of the altar. He silently stood under that "spotlight", the golden light staining his ivory, smooth, statue-like complexion of a face with patches of color.

Then, he slowly raised his head; those pitch black pupils carelessly reflecting over the light, like the absence of sunlight as a rainforest butterfly gently unfolds its poisonous wings in a remote and secluded area. But not even a second later, his eyes had already reverted back to pure black.

It was the first time that I had ever saw eyes which could be so purely black, holding a machine-like sense of indifference, almost as if the whole world in front of his eyes were void of any color.

I could feel my body shaking slightly. Yes, I realized I was afraid; I was afraid of those eyes—those were not the eyes of a human being, those were eyes that could only belong to death.

Those eyes could only belong to him.

He stood above on the altar, expressionlessly looking down at me.

Ice cold, apathetic, deathly silent, like a blade formed from the purest blackness, he was that intense and dangerous of a person.

The last trace of light had already disappeared. The silent air began to fill with the evening's breath.

I tightly gripped my fists together, and shouted out that person's name,

"Zi Xing Cang Yue...!"

Tags: [dolls](#), [game](#), [light novel](#), [story](#), [translated](#)

- Comments [4 Comments](#)
- Categories [Books](#), [story](#)

[← 143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Three](#)

[143 Kaoru's Cake House – Chapter Four →](#)